To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curbe this cruell diuell of his will.
Por. It muſt not be, there is no power in Venice
Can alter a Decree eſtabliſhed:
Twill be recorded for a precedent,
And many an errour by the ſame example,
Will ruſh into the ſtate, it cannot be.
Shy. A *Daniel* come to iudgement: yea a *Daniel*.
O wiſe young Iudge, how I do honour thee.
Por. I pray you let me looke vpon the bond.
Shy. Heere tis moſt reuerend Doctor, here it is.
Por. *Shylocke*, ther's thrice thy money offred thee.
Shy. An oath, an oath, I haue an oath in heauen,
Shall I lay periury vpon my ſoule?
No, not for Venice.
Por. Why this bond is forfeit,
And lawfully by this the *Iew* may claime
A pound of fleſh, to be by him cut off
Neereſt the Merchants heart; be mercifull,
Take thrice thy money, bid me teare the bond.
Shy. When it is paid, according to the tenour.
It doth appeare you are a worthy Iudge,
You know the Law, your expoſition
Hath bene moſt ſound: I charge you by the Law,
Whereof you are a well deſeruing Pillar,
Proceed to iudgement: by my ſoule I ſweare,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me, I ſtay heere on my bond.
Ant. Moſt heartily I do beſeech the Court
To giue the iudgement.
Por. Why then thus it is,
You muſt prepare your boſome for his knife.
Shy. O noble iudge, O excellent young man.
Por. For the intent and purpoſe of the Law,
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which heere appeareth due vpon the bond.

Shy. Tis very true: O wiſe and vpright iudge,
How much more elder art thou then thy lookes.
Por. Therefore lay bare your boſome.
Shy. I, his breaſt,
So ſayes the bond, doth it not noble Iudge?
Neereſt his heart, thoſe are the very words.
Por. It is ſo, are there ballance here to weigh the fleſh?
Shy. I haue them ready.
Por. Haue by ſome Surgeon *Shylocke* on your charge,
To ſtop his wounds, leaſt he do bleed to death.
Shy. Is it ſo nominated in the bond?
Por. It is not ſo expreſt, but what of that?
Twere good you do ſo much for charity.
Shy. I cannot finde it, tis not in the bond.
Por. You Merchant, haue you any thing to ſay?
Ant. But little; *I* am arm'd and well prepar'd,
Giue me your hand *Baſſanio*, far you well,
Greeue not that *I* am falne to this for you:
For heerein Fortune ſhewes her ſelfe more kinde
Then is her cuſtome: it is ſtill her vſe
To let the wretched man out-liue his wealth,
To view with hollow eye and wrinckled brow,
An age of pouerty: from which lingring pennance
Of ſuch miſery doth ſhe cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife,
Tell her the proceſſe of *Anthonios* ende,
Say how *I* lou'd you, ſpeake me faire in death;
And when the tale is told, bid her be iudge,
Whether *Baſſanio* had not once a loue:
Repent but you that you ſhall loſe your friend,
And he repents not that he payes your debt.
For if the *Iew* do cut but deepe enough,
Ile pay it preſently with all my heart.
Baſſ. *Anthonio*, I am married to a wife,
Which is as deare to me as life it ſelfe,
But life it ſelfe, my wife, and all the world,